THE SWORD INTERVAL

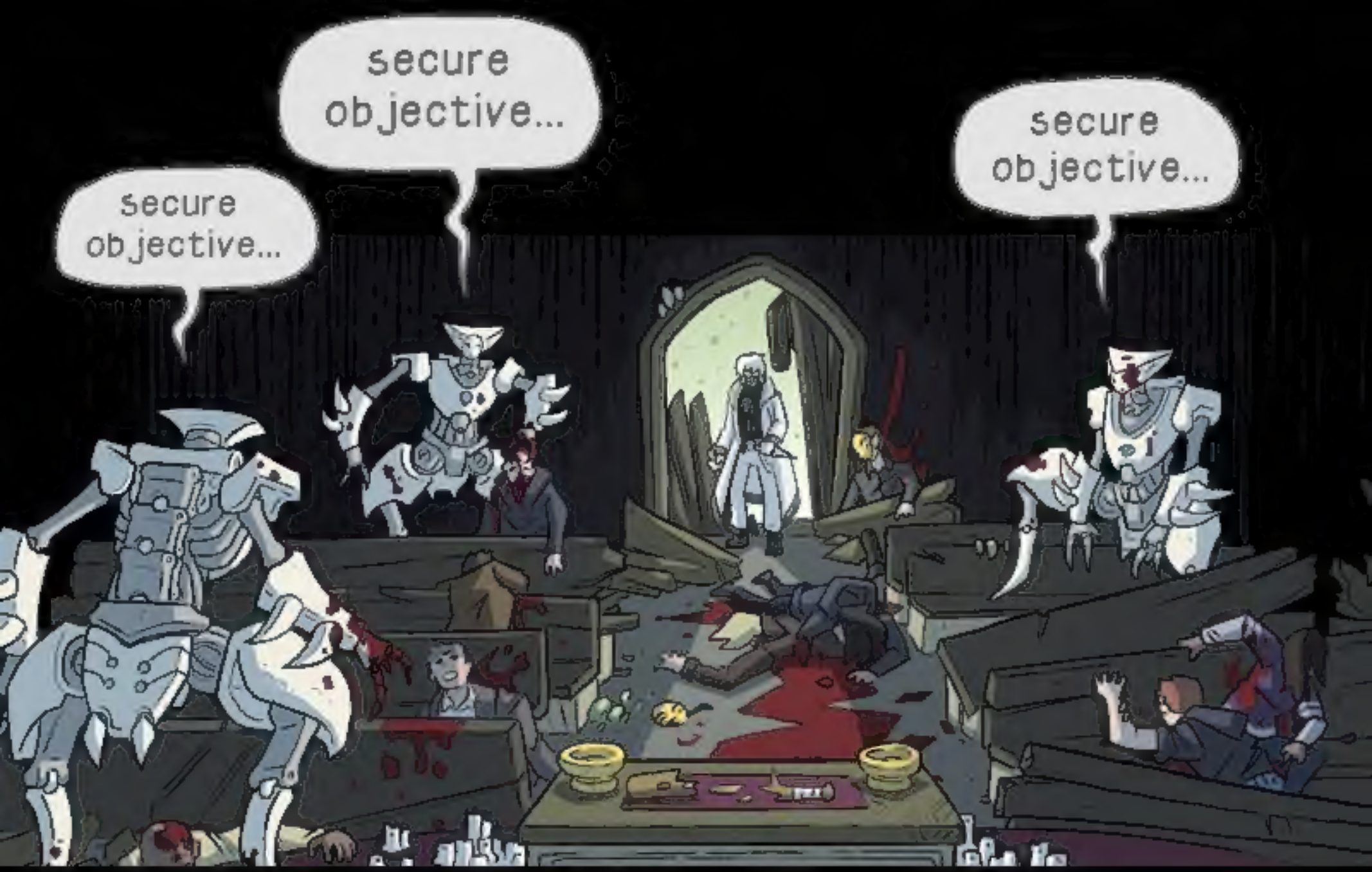
BY BEN FLEUTER

Secure objective...
AMES!

FLY
SHE
BREATHE
YET

DO YOU SEE
HOLY
YOU ARE SICK WITH FAITH

secure objective...

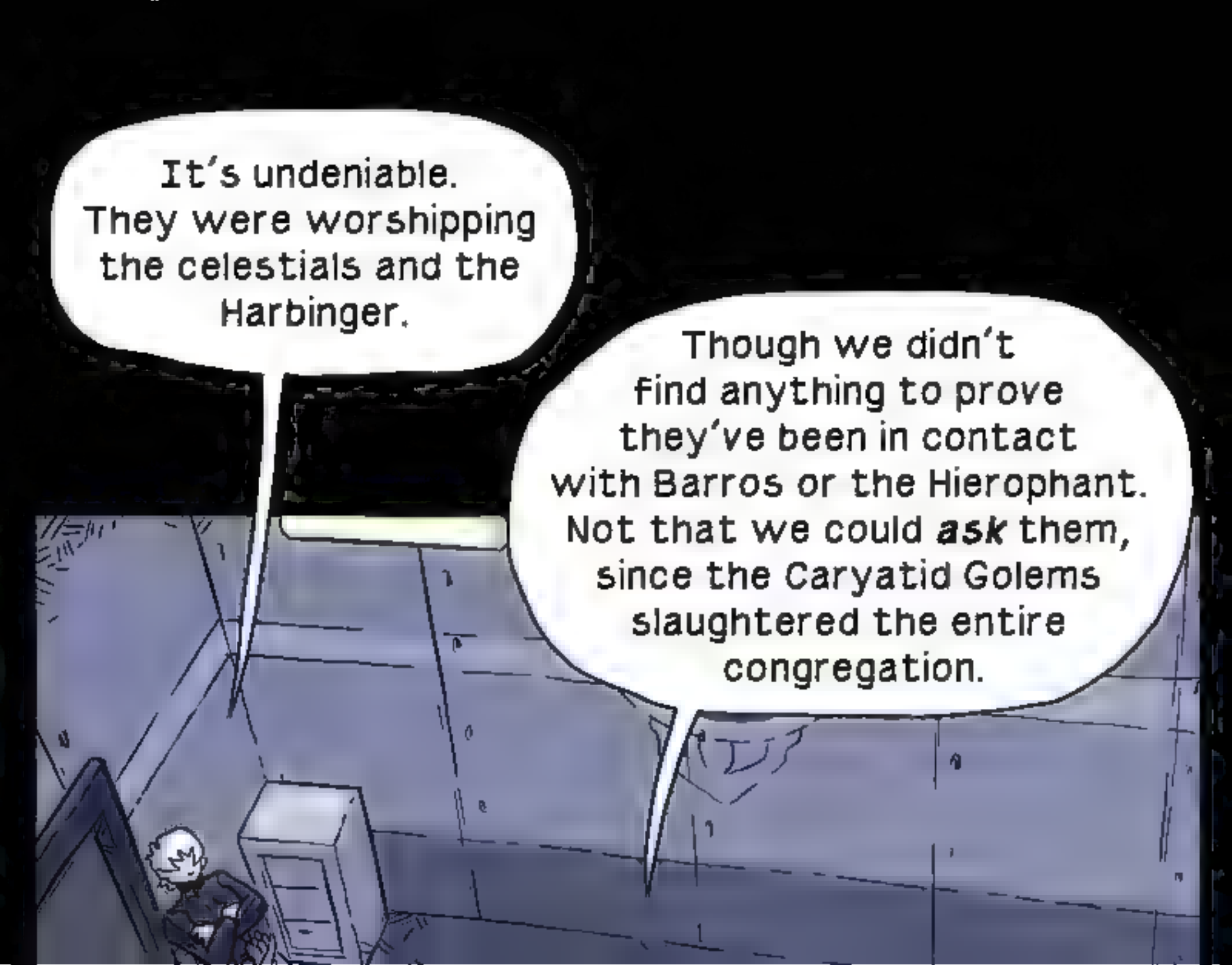

secure objective...
secure objective...
secure objective...

The '23
Bear

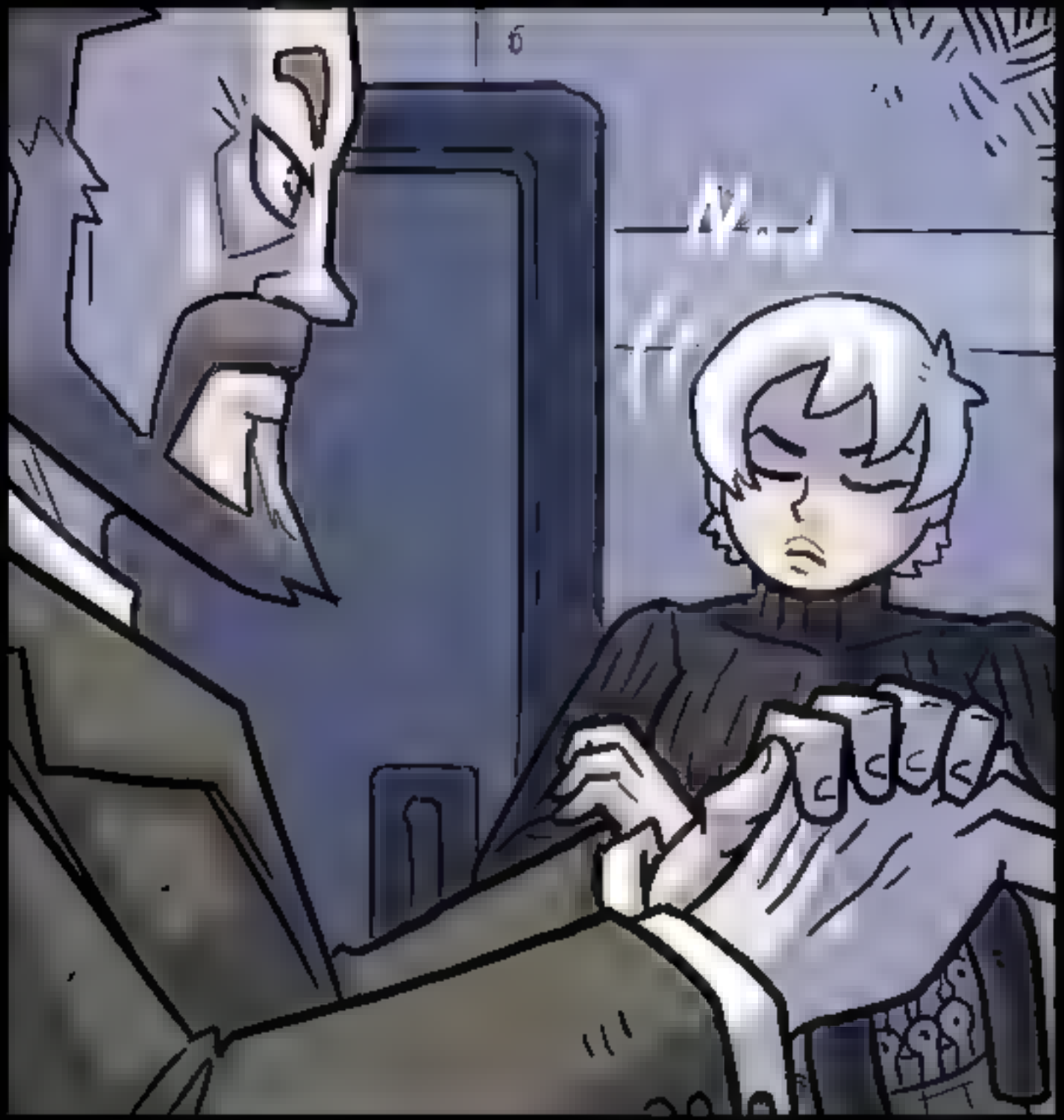
2 HOURS AGO...

The town is secure. No trace of the Fey or their Alrune Virus remains.

And the cult?


It's undeniable. They were worshipping the celestials and the Harbinger.
Though we didn't find anything to prove they've been in contact with Barros or the Hierophant. Not that we could ask them, since the Caryatid Golems slaughtered the entire congregation.

With what evidence we do have, it seems like just one more case of these... mass spontaneous visions.


6
N...

Then the operation was a waste of time.

Not... that's not entirely true, Chairman.
We saved a few hundred civilians and have transferred them to our shelters in the salt flats. We–
I wasn't aware the goal was to support your pet project, Hult.
Those you rescued will be dead any day now – along with everything else – if we don't stop the Harbinger.

Or have you forgotten that?

Chairman Gold..?
Hold my *calls*, Collville. I'm in a *meeting* right now.

R-right but it's uh... someone from the outside that knows our priority line.
Someone calling herself Plutonian Flame?

...
Transfer her to my office.

Consider yourselves debriefed, agents.

SLAM.

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